

Watauga Democrat

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Entered at the Post Office at Boone, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

Town and County

This is a perfect Spring day.

The weather has been cold and wintry most of this week.

The choir meets to-night, and all are cordially invited to be present.

Mrs. S. W. Boyden and family, leave for their new home in Salisbury this week.

Listen! The marriage bells are about to reverberate from one extremity of Boone to the other.

Our readers may expect the DEMOCRAT to be published regularly every Wednesday hereafter.

We are sorry to hear of so many of our good citizens leaving for the west, but we hope they may better themselves by the move.

Frank Stone was sitting in the Court House in Statesville last Tuesday, and without complaining threw back his head and was dead—heart disease.

It is said that we will have an other wedding to report soon. If signs are worth anything it's our opinion that there will be more than one—three or four.

Mr. Perkins, of Idaho, who has been visiting friends in and near Boone, has gone to Virginia, his old home, and will return to Idaho about the 1st. of April.

Clark McBride and F. M. Holsclaw passed through Boone this week with a drove of horses and mules for the Southern market. We hope they will do well.

Our young friend Jont. Horton, of Horton, has gone to Winston, N. C., where he will take the duties of clerk. Jont. is a first-class young man, and we wish him success.

We call attention to the advertisement of J. C. Jones, Zionville, in another column. Zionville is a thrifty village and Mr. Jones is a clever and energetic business man. Give him a call.

We learn from the News and Observer that Judge Armfield and Judge Conner have exchanged districts for the Spring term, so that we are to have Judge Armfield to preside over our Court in April.

Gaston Barnes was tried in Taylorsville, at the recent term of court there, for his life, for the killing of Wheeler Robinet, and found guilty of man-slaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary for four years. Messrs. Robbins, Linney and Burke appeared for the defense.

Mr. A. C. McIntosh, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Taylorsville, N. C., died in his home in that town the 7th. inst. He has been a leading member of the Presbyterian Church for 48 years, and Superintendent of Sunday School for 40 years.

At New Haven, some years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his gait. Stopping one day lately at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician who recognized him,

and asked if he was not the chaplain of that college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was.

"I was there," said his interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp."

"Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching."

Ah, doctor," the politician replied with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a parson to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

The Legend of the White Slipper by M.

[This legend was written many years ago by the hero's brother-in-law. The hero and heroine of the Legend of the White Slipper, are now, in reality, old and ripe in years, are now living in Watauga moving in a high circle of society, highly respected by all who know them. They have happily lived the romance of married life and their children rise up and call them blessed.]

I am an old, old man. My locks are whitened by time—though mine eye is dim, I do not put on my spectacles to look back into the misty regions of the past to gather up the fragments of this little history which I would give you now. Although I am an old man, its recollection is still fresh and green in my memory. And why should it not be? There is nothing more vivid than the remembrance of happier days. So well I remember the epoch; ah! was it not an epoch in my history, that I would tell you to-night? It is inseparably linked with all that is happiness in this long life of mine, and would there had been more such joy and bliss to mingle in the cup! But why should I linger now in telling it? Is it that the remembrance that I am fast passing away from all such happy scenes of the olden days would make me write it with regret? and may I tell you, that when I was a boy there was nothing in this world that he'd such a charm to my youthful affections as a handsome, dainty foot, of a pretty woman. It is a trait yet, among the present generation of youths, to have similar passions and admirations and I, for one, would not repress it. I shall never chide the boys who grow up around me, when I catch them endeavoring to gratify a happy curiosity by getting peeps at the feet and ankles of pretty maidens—even if they do incur the censure of the minister's wife and her daughters, for gazing at decending feet from the chapel steps. But let me tell you my story, let me tell you all about this little legend of the "White Slipper" and we will let the boys gaze on, if they will persist in doing so, at the maidens' feet and ankles, but remember, I withhold no curse from those who—no, I will not say it, but will just add, *honis oit quit maly pense*.

When I was a boy my father sent me to Charleston. Charleston was a chivalric young city then. She is yet as chivalric as ever. Her youths were then knightly, and had the heroism, the valor of Bayard. All these virtues the old city yet retains. But when I went there I was a wild boy; had I manifested such traits of character five years ago, the world would

have called me a fast youth. Well, anyhow, I lived in style and had splendid companions for maintaining my practices and habits of life with. I had been driving out, one day, and on my return to the city I found in my room a friend whom I discovered to be very much agitated.

"Well, M—," he said, "I have been waiting for you for an hour. Here is a note I wish you to bear around for me; and how are your pistols? in good order, I hope; I rather think he will wish the affair to come off early, and so you can arrange to have the meeting next Monday morning on the beach. I can practice with your pistols until mine are returned from the country."

I bore the challenge, as requested, and that night we went to a ball. It was the second of the season; the first one to me. I readjusted my collar and quaffed a glass of splendid old champaign before entering the dancing room. A gay old cotillon was being stepped to by a dozen as dainty feet as ever Charleston boasted in all her pulchric days. I was introduced to an interesting group and took a seat in a favorable situation for observing the dance with a charming damsel by my side. It came round again, and I beheld it once more. What was that that had so bewildered me? It came again and again, and I was lost! My heart was gone! The fair girl by me, I knew, was rapidly becoming convinced of my stupidity, for I had lost all power of conversation; had lost all sociability; and all by the one object which I beheld in that dance—a dainty white slipper on the daintiest little foot in the world! Again and again it showed itself, just peeping out from under the fold of the rich dress, peeping out just to see who else was growing crazy in admiration of it.

The dance was over, and I saw my friend George, and mentioned to him that I was dying for an introduction to that magnificent girl in the white and blue and with such splendideyes. It was all over in two minutes, and the next dance the white slipper was to step through the mazes with me. I saw nothing, that night, but the white slipper and the black eyes; they came to me in a dream in the little slumber I took the next morning. The next day Alice accepted a seat in my buggy, in which we took an hour's drive. The morrow came, and that night we danced together at the ball, and the white slipper still reigned in its queenly beauty, it was still omnipotent.

A month rolled around, and every night beheld the same matchless white slipper. I learned a secret, too; a secret that, while it astonished me, yet swelled my own bosom with pride and truer adoration. I had borne the challenge, and it was accepted, and the duel was to have been fought. Fred A— and George C— had both loved Alice, and in their rivalry the challenge had been provoked. I was George's second, yet knew not the lady at the time. The third night after we had first met at the dance she gave each of them to understand that her flirtations with them were at an end; so when the next Monday came mutual friends interfered, and

the duel between Fred and George was amicably settled without fire; but a vaguerumor had reached me that I would certainly have a fight with one or the other. But I soon left Charleston (without a fight) and returned to the country, and made known to my father the havoc that the white slipper had caused in my bosom; whereupon he advised me to return again. I did so; and three months afterwards she who had won my heart by the white slipper took my hand at the altar.

Many, many years have since gone by. Alice has made my heart and my home happy. Fred and George are as firm friends as I have in the world; and, as I look back over its waste, the old past holds no happier memory than that of the night when I was presented to the black-eyed maiden who stole my heart by the *White Slippers!*

A NOBLE CHARITY.

Mr. W. B. Tate, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of East Tennessee, has just done one of the noblest deeds ever recorded in the history of the State. He has donated twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000) to the maimed ex-Confederate soldiers of the First and Second Congressional districts of East Tennessee.

This money is to be divided into shares among the ex-Confederate soldiers in these two districts, who, while in the line of duty in the Confederate army lost an arm or a leg. Any soldier who lost two limbs will receive two shares. The gift applies to all maimed ex-Confederates who were living in the First or Second Congressional district on the first day of last November.

Colonel George A. Yoe, of Mossy Creek, and Colonel O. C. King, of Morristown, have been made trustees of the fund, and all applications will be made through them. All applications for shares in the fund must be filed before the first day of May. The money is now deposited in the Look-out Bank in Morristown.

Mr. Tate was himself a soldier in the Confederate army and is now devoting a large part of his hard-earned fortune to the noble charity of making happy some of his maimed comrades who returned to East Tennessee after shedding their blood for the cause which went down in defeat but not in dishonor.

It is thought that there are not more than forty or fifty maimed ex-Confederate soldiers in the two districts. If no more are found each will receive \$400 to \$500.

The trustees will make formal publication, with notice how applications must be filled, and all other information.—Tomahawk.

We have had a hard, cold and very uncomfortable week here in the printing office. The room has been too cold to set types and the ink too thick to spread readily.

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Cattle Powder, Sheep Cure,
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T. J. Coffey & Bro.

June 7, 1888. Tr.

TO YOUR INTEREST.

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and cap.

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Hill N. C. by Deputy Collec-

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of Spirits one copper still,

worm and cap. Seized as the

property of Miles Stout fo

violation of Sec. 3453 Revised

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ownership in said property

are required to come forward

and claim said property and

give bond as required by law

or the same will be declared

forfeited to the U. S. after 30

days from the date hereof,

and disposed of as required

by Sec. 3460 Revised Statu-

tes of the United States.

Jan 23. 1889. E. F. Lovill

3t. Dept. Collector.

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June 25th 88. Tr.